

Ferdinand.
Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies string patrons:

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clo. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clo. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the sixth houre, when beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time when. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walke upon, it is clipped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous cownt that draweth from my snow-white pen the eben coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy myrrh, (Clovee. Meete?) that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clovee. Meete?) that shallow vassall (Clovee. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (Clovee. O mee?) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Editt and Continent, Cannon: Which with, & with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie pricketh me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.
Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ben. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clo. This was no Damofell neyther sir, There was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kim. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kim. And Don Armado shall be your keeper:

My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore,

And goe we Lords to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans har,

These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scoorne.

Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

Brag. I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Ecle with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Ecle is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Ecle is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in anweres. Thou hear'st my bloud.

Boy. I am anwer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be croft.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yerres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study?

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how case it is to put yerres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is bale for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a bale wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deuic'd curtise. I thinke scoorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue bene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for shee had a Greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetically.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red, Her faults will nere be knowne: For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred, And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame, By this you shall not know, For still her cheekes possesse the same, Which nature she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall binde Costard: she deserues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in loue.

Boy. And chat's g

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbear to til

Enter Clo

Cost. Sir, the Du
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penance, but hee mul
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the Day-woman. F

Brag. I do betray

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil visit t

Maid. That's here

Brag. I know wh

Maid. Lord how v

Brag. I will tell t

Ma. With what

Brag. I loue thee

Mai. So I heard y

Brag. And so fare

Mai. Faire weath

Clo. Come Iaquen

Brag. Villaine, t

thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I ho

full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt

Clo. I am more bo

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Clo. Take away th

Boy. Come you tr

Clo. Let mee not

loofe.

Boy. No sir, that v

prison.

Clo. Well, if enu

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Boy. What shall so

Clo. Nay nothing

looke vpon. It is not

words, and therefore I

haue as little patience

can be quiet.

Brag. I doe affect

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